

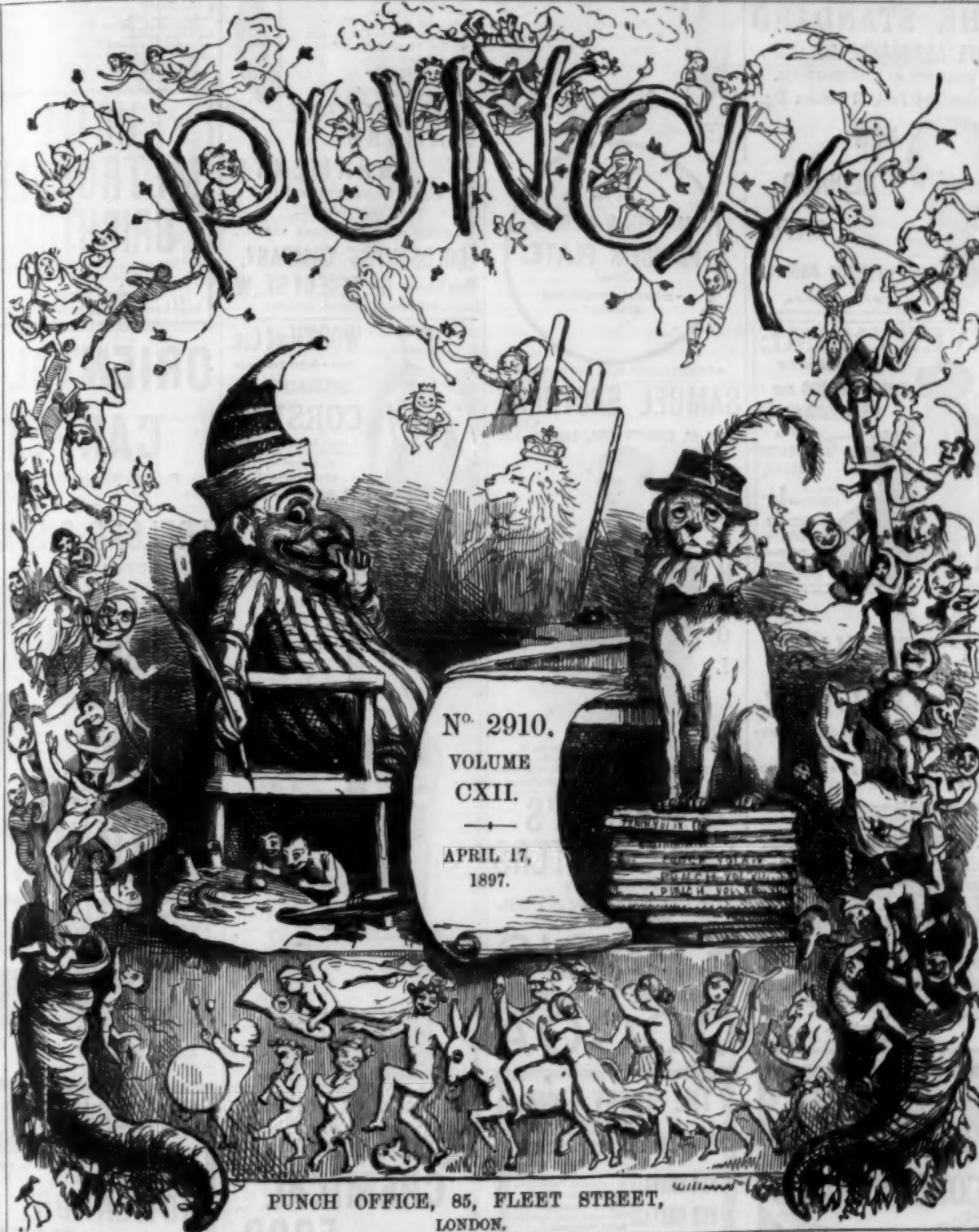
# "APENTA" THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Under eminent Scientific control.

Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers. Prices 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.

SOLE IMPORTERS: THE APOLLINARIS COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

NOTE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

## CADBURY'S COCOA

"Represents the Standard of highest purity at present attainable in Cocoa."—THE LANCET.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.  
In One Vol., 6s.  
**UNDER LOVE'S RULE.**  
A Novel, by the Author of "Lady Antley's Secret,"  
"Vivian," "London Pride," &c., &c.  
London: SIMPKIN & CO., Ltd., and all Booksellers.

**THE STANDARD**  
**LIFE ASSURANCE CO. (ESTD. 1875.)**  
Head Office: EDINBURGH.  
Accumulated Fund, 8 Millions Stg.

**NEW**  
**REDUCED**  
**RATES.**  
**WITHOUT PROFITS.**  
*Branches in India and the Colonies.*

**EVERY HOME**  
is beautified by  
**PHOTOGRAPHS AND**  
**PHOTOCRAVURES**  
AFTER  
CELEBRATED  
PICTURES.  
*Illustrated Catalogue 1/-*  
**BEELIN**  
**PHOTO CO.,**  
138, New  
Bond Street,  
LONDON, W.

• **THE**  
**"PASTEUR"**  
(Chamberland) **FILTER.**

"The Standard of Efficient Filtration."  
—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.  
"A real preventative of water-borne disease."  
—LANCET.

To be had at the Stores, most Filter Dealers,  
or from the Makers.

**J. DEFRIES & SONS,**  
147, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

**Savory & Moore's**  
**Infants Food**  
**BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL.**  
**Self-Digesting.**  
Sold Everywhere.  
In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.

**CARTER'S**  
**DELICIOUS MATCHLESS LEMONADE**  
**IN A MOMENT**  
**CONCENTRATED**  
**SOLD BY ALL LEADING GROCERS**  
**LEMON SYRUP**  
OLD REFINERY BRISTOL

**TRY IT IN YOUR BATH**  
**SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA**  
**MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.**  
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.  
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.  
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.  
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.  
Invigorating in Hot Climates.  
Restores the Colour to Carpets.  
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.  
Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.  
**SCRUBB & CO., 32b SOUTHWARK STREET, S.E.**

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."  
ASK FOR  
**MAPPIN & WEBB'S**  
**PRINCE'S PLATE.**  
(ROSE.)  
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE  
QUALITY."

"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."  
**SAMUEL BROTHERS,**  
LTD.,  
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

**S**  
**C**  
**H**  
**O**  
**O**  
**L**  
**O**  
**U**  
**T**  
**F**  
**I**  
**T**  
**S**  
"Even."  
Jacket and Vest for boy of 13 years. 2s. 6d.  
Trousers for boy of 13 years. 9s. 6d.  
**ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and**  
**PATTERNS free on application.**

**PACKHAM'S**  
**TABLE WATERS**  
ARE MADE WITH  
**DISTILLED WATER.**  
Manufactured, Croydon.

**EPPS'S**  
**CRATEFUL—COMFORTING**  
**COCOA**

**THE FINEST TONIC**  
**FER BRAVAIS**  
**FER BRAVAIS**  
**FER BRAVAIS**  
most effective in restoring the vitality of the blood, and enabling the constitution to resist climatic influences. Invaluable in all cases of anaemia, influenza, and general debility. Highly recommended for weak and debilitated children.  
**LANCET** "A beautiful and interesting preparation."  
**BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.**—"It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth."  
Retained by Chemists all the world over.

**DIAMOND**  
**ORNAMENTS.**  
The Choicest Quality  
in the World.  
**ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.**  
**COLD SMITHS' COMPANY,**  
Show Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., W.  
(ADJOINING STEREOGRAPHIC COMPANY.)

**WORTH et Cie.**  
(Under Royal Patronage)  
**SPECIALITY IN**  
**CORSETS**  
A separate department for  
Gentlemen for every class  
of Corset.  
**ONLY ADDRESS:**  
**134, NEW BOND ST., W.**  
No connection with  
Worth of Paris.

**FLOWS**  
**CONSTANTLY,**  
**REGULARLY,**  
**SMOOTHLY,**  
**EASILY.**  
**Made in 3 Sizes at**  
**10/6, 16/6,**  
**AND**  
**25/-**  
**EACH.**  
**POST FREE.**

**Swan**  
**Fountain**  
**Pen**  
Complete Illustrated Catalogue  
Post Free on Application to  
**MABIE, TODD & BARD,**  
33, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. LONDON.  
25, REGENT ST., W.  
5, EXCHANGE ST. MANCHESTER  
21, Kensington High Street, W. London.

For Delicate Children.  
**SQUIRE'S**  
**CHEMICAL**  
**FOOD.**  
In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., & 6s. each.  
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, AND OF  
**SQUIRE & SONS,**  
Her Majesty's Chemists,  
413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

**ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING**  
**CRUISES** by the steamships **LUSITANIA** and  
tens register, and **GARDEN** 1,200 tons register.  
For **PALESTINE**, **SYRACUSE**, **VENICE**, **IST**  
**TANO**, **MALTA**, **PHILIPPEVILLE**, **ALGERIA**,  
and **LIVORNO**. Leaving Naples 15th April. Passen-  
gers can leave London 15th April. Returning to  
London 17th May.  
For **LIVORNO**, **TANGIER**, **ALACCIO**, **PALEST**  
**MO**, **VENICE**, **CATTARO**, **CORFU**, **MALTA**, and  
**GIUNTALE**. Leaving London 21st April, re-  
turning 28th May.  
Sitting room, electric light, hot and cold water,  
high class cuisine. Managers: F. Green & Co.,  
Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office, Fenchurch  
Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm, at  
A. Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the  
West-End Branch Office, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.

**HÔTEL**  
**MÉTROPOLE,**  
**BRIGHTON.**  
"The finest and most luxurious Seaside  
Hotel in the World."  
**Charges moderate.**  
Proprietors: **THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.**

**ORIENTAL**  
**CARPETS**  
Sold at Wholesale Prices  
BY

**TRELOAR & SONS,**  
LUDGATE HILL.  
Ask for Price List.

**ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT**  
PURELY VEGETABLE. Per-  
fectly Harm-  
less. Will re-  
duce from two  
to five pounds  
per week; acts  
on the food in  
the stomach,  
preventing its  
conversion in-  
to fat. Sold  
by Chemists.  
Send stamp for pamphlet.  
**BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 3, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.**

**BORWICK'S**  
The best  
Baking  
Powder  
in the  
World.  
**POWDER**

**Goddard's**  
**Plate Powder**  
NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be  
the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver.  
Electric Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS.  
Sold every where, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

**ROWLANDS'**  
**MACASSAR OIL**  
Preserves, Beautifies, Strengthens the Hair;  
also in Golden Colour, 2s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.  
**ROWLANDS'**  
**ODONTO**  
The Best and Safest Dentifrice: 2s. 6d., of  
Chemists and Perfumers. Send Postal Order  
to—  
**A. ROWLAND & SONS,**  
20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.





TIME DOES SEEM SO LONG WHEN YOU'RE WAITING FOR YOUR WIFE, WHO IS SHOPPING,

THAT SOMETHING OF THE ABOVE OUGHT REALLY TO BE STARTED FOR THE POOR HUSBANDS.

### MY TEN-ACT COMEDY.

I HAD written a comedy. In my opinion it was bright and sparkling. I am a very unprejudiced person, especially where my own work is concerned. I had sent the manuscript to a well-known London manager, feeling pretty confident that it would be accepted without much hesitation. Imagine then my surprise and annoyance, when the play came back with a polite intimation that it was not thought suitable for the Piccadilly Theatre.

"There must be some mistake," said I to myself. So I drove to the theatre. I sent my card in to Mr. JOHN ASHBURNHAM, the manager, and in less than five minutes was ushered into that gentleman's comfortable little sanctum.

"I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mr. WILLIS," he said; "but, if I remember rightly, you have written a play."

"It is about that play that I have come to see you," I said.

"I guessed as much," replied Mr. ASHBURNHAM. "I always make a point of seeing authors when they call upon me—especially unknown authors," he added, with that peculiarly sweet smile which has really made his fortune on the stage. "And at present you are an unknown author, are you not?"

"I am," I answered, with quiet dignity. "The comedy which I submitted to you a fortnight ago is my first dramatic work."

By this time we had settled down into two comfortable chairs, and I thought it better to bring him to the point.

"My comedy has been sent back to me this morning," I remarked. "By mistake, I presume?"

"Oh! no," he answered, gently; "not by mistake."

I looked at him in amazement. "Do you mean to tell me," said I, "that it is rejected?"

"Returned" is a softer word," he murmured.

I felt, of course, intensely indignant, but I managed to control my feelings.

"You owe me an explanation," I said, very quietly.

"You shall have one," replied Mr. ASHBURNHAM. "Your comedy is in ten acts."

I saw what he meant. I had not written enough.

"I could make it fifteen, if you wished," I said. "Then the play might last for three nights. Five acts a night. It would be so

good for business. At the end of the fifth act the stage manager might come in front and say, 'To be continued in our next.'

"It is a good idea," said Mr. ASHBURNHAM. "Now, your first act is all talk. Talk, talk, talk!"

"Naturally," I replied. "Did you think I meant it for a dumb-show play?"

He smiled. "Your second act again is talk—all talk."

"You are hypercritical," said I. "Does not the servant in the second act bring on a box of toy bricks to amuse ALGERNON and his friends? Grown men playing with toy bricks after dinner! Was there ever such a delightful incident!"

"The public would never stand it," said the manager, wearily. "The pit and gallery would simply howl!"

"And then," he added, "you introduce a long solo on the bassoon in the middle of the third act. Why, that would stop all the action of the piece."

"You are wrong," I exclaimed; "quite wrong. At that point, as you yourself must admit, the action of the piece has not yet commenced. The action cannot possibly be interrupted when it has not begun."

"There is some truth in what you say," answered Mr. ASHBURNHAM. "Still, if you must have a bassoon solo, I should have preferred it between the acts."

"But you have not noticed my brilliant satire, and my sardonic humour," I urged.

"That is true," said the manager; "I have not. However, I have noticed that you introduce fifty-four speaking characters into your play—"

"All good parts," I cried. "You must allow that."

"And it contains just plot enough for a one-act farce," he added, without noticing my interruption.

"Such an opportunity for costumes, isn't it?" said I.

"Yes; in that respect, I admit, the play is distinctly clever."

"I really think you had better accept it," I suggested.

"Not in its present form," said the manager. "You still have something to learn about the art of dramatic construction."

I demurred.

"Nay, but you have indeed," and he smiled again that fascinating smile. "Take Mr. PINERO as your model. He is a past-master in the art of construction. Buy a copy of *The Magistrate*, and study that.

Above all things, let your play have a plot. The audience generally feel more interest in a play when it has a plot. Avoid mere talk."

I was nearly heartbroken, and it was with difficulty that I could repress my emotion.

"Must I cut out my brilliant satire," I asked, with a choking sob, "and my sardonic humour?"

"Only beginners attempt that kind of thing," said Mr. ASHBURNHAM. "Make PINERO your model. Master his *Magistrate*. Mould yourself upon his methods, and then, depend upon it, you will never write a dull play."

I am going to take Mr. ASHBURNHAM's advice. I have put my ten-act comedy into the fire; I have bought a copy of *The Magistrate*; and now I am going to imitate Mr. PINERO to the very best of my ability. And what is more, I intend to go next week to the St. James's Theatre, and see his latest piece, *The Princess and the Butterfly*. I hope to learn a great deal from that.

### AN EXPLANATION.

TELL me not, sweet, I am untrue,  
Or fickle is my roving fancy,  
If sometimes I have sung of "you,"  
Sometimes of PHYLLIS or of NANCY!

And if sometimes my pen has ranged  
To celebrate AMANDA's praises,  
Tell those who'd say my heart has changed,  
Colloquially, to "go to blazes!"

Or bid them (if you like) begone  
To Jericho or far Uganda—  
Only believe the intent is one  
In NANCY, PHYLLIS, and AMANDA.

Sweet lady mine, they're all the same—  
Who else than you to me were sweeter?—  
The change is only in the name,  
Sometimes required by rhyme or metre!

### So! Near and yet so Far.

Dibbler (to Nibbler). Going away for change of air at Easter?

Nibbler. Yes. I think I shall try Epping Forest or Hampstead Heath.

Dibbler. Well, me and my mate is divided between Eel Pie Island and the Crystal Palace.



### THE BOY IN CHARGE.

*Master Curzon.* GOT TO STOP IN THE OFFICE WHILE MASTER'S ABROAD TAKING HIS EASTER HOLIDAY, HAVE I? RATHER FANCY MYSELF IN MASTER'S TOGGERY! QUITE THE PRIME MINISTER!"

[*RT. HON. GEORGE N. CURZON, M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary, is on duty at the Foreign Office during absence of the PRIME MINISTER.*]



## MARKET-DAY HUMOURS.

Local Humourist (pointing to heavy veteran). "I ZAY, MISTER AUCTIONEER, DO THIC SIGNIFY TH' AGE O' THAT PEG?"

## THE TWO "N'S."

SCENE—The Shades. Great English Admiral and great French General discovered in conversation.

Admiral (after glancing at a newspaper). Really most gratifying. In spite of what they said in the House of Commons, I am very pleased to find that I was represented as a model of virtue at the Avenue.

General. By Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON? Yes, certainly.

Admiral. And they treated me fairly well at the Olympic, too. I came down all the way to Deal to be embraced by the fiancée of a common sailor; conducted a court-martial, acting as witness, prosecutor, counsel for the defence, and ultimately as judge; and finally, to comply with tradition, desired when dying to be kissed by a gentleman whose name was apparently ARDY, without the aspirate. Altogether a very pleasant evening.

General (gloomily). Ah! you have been lucky always, but I have ever been unfortunate—in England. At Astley's—once popularly known as "Hashley's"—I used to share a horse with WELLINGTON—which was ridiculous! And then there was the late Mr. JACKSON. He was clever; he was well made up. But did he suggest my glory? Did he present me as a conqueror? No; he only showed me taking snuff!

Admiral. Well, on my word! Talk of ingratitude! Well, I never!

General. I do not comprehend.

Admiral. Why, man alive! Say that you are not appreciated! Why, have you seen the programme at the Lyceum?

General. No. Since I was—what is your expression?—taken round the halls, I have

lost all sympathy with the drama. And am I really to be seen in Wellington Street?

Admiral. I should rather think you were! Why, HENRY IRVING appears for you every evening.

General (greatly relieved and delighted). HENRY IRVING! My character could not be in better hands!

[Congratulations become mutual as the Shades fade away.]

## SCENTS VERSUS SENSE.

[Dr. L. ROBINSON, in *Blackwood's*, deduces the development of man's intellectual faculties from the restricted sense of smell in his primeval ancestors.]

Dr. ROBINSON says that mankind has done well

Ever since it "restricted" its "fine sense of smell."

Our reasoning powers are based on the fact that "olfactory shortcomings" led us to act

Upon ocular evidence rather than nasal.

These subtle deductions the intellect dazzle.

When man was arboreal, and lived "up a tree,"

He found it less useful to scent than to see.

And when he descended and dwelt in a hut, His optics grew wide, though his nostrils got shut.

When men could depend, not on noses, but wits,

From hunters they soon became civilised cits.

And there, if you understand ROBINSON, you see

The history of civilization in *nuce*.

Aha! It is perfectly clear, I suppose,

Man was savage and silly whilst "led by the nose."

It was this maxim made him so wise and so strong:—

"If you follow your nose you are sure to go—wrong!"

## THE VERSATILITY OF MODERN ART.

Editor of *Illustrated Journal* (to aspirant for position as Special Artist and Correspondent). I understand that you have a world-wide experience?

Aspirant. You may bet on that. At the present moment I'm doing Crete, the Venezuela Commission, the Greek Frontier, the Centenary of the first German Emperor, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, and the Brigade Steeplechases,—all sketches signed. I can also—

Editor (warmly). Say no more, my dear Sir, consider yourself engaged. Would you kindly commence on the Indian Famine, and KRUGER dismissing his grandson, to-morrow?

"Water, Water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the new Thames Steamboats, or rather the old Thames Steamboats, re-painted, are to be "run on temperance principles." Never having been on a Thames Steamboat which could by any stretch of imagination be said to run, I should be very much obliged if you could determine whether the "running on temperance principles" means the adoption of some fresh and powerful hydraulic method of propulsion? Yours curiously,

WILFRID NIBBLECRICK.

Waterbutt House, Peckham.





"DADDY, AS YOU'VE GOT TO GET A NEW MUZZLE FOR CÉSAR, HADN'T WE BETTER KEEP HIS OLD ONE TILL TINY GROWS UP?"

### AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON. :

DEAR MISTER,—In face the dragon at the entry of the City—that dragon of pantomime to make to die of to laugh—finds himself an all other monument, an edifice of the most lugubrious, the Palace of Justice. The *façade* is one can not more gothic and severe, and the tower is suchy heavy and menacing that one forgets almost the gaiety of the dragon at the middle of the street. The Conciergerie at Paris is of the same style, equally sombre, but she was anciently a prison. Our Palace of Justice to us is not as the yours. Nor the one nor the other is as great as the Palace of Justice at Brussels. "Savez-vous," as say the brave Belgers, they can to vaunt themselves *là-bas*, there low, of an edifice of the most enormous. *Savez-vous*, he takes a cake, as say the English. But, *savez-vous*, he has cost to them almost as much as their State of the Congo!

A mister of my acquaintance has told me that, at place of to mount to the public galleries in your Palace of Justice, a man in hat high of form can to pass the agents of police at the door if he marches all right, *tout droit*, and that he has the air very occupied and very pressed. I do as that one certain morning, and I arrive without difficulty to the Hall of Lost Steps.

There is not there anyone! *Quelle salle énorme, absolument déserte! Salle des Pas Perdus! Ils ne sont pas perdus, il n'y a pas de pas, perdus ou non pas perdus.* In fine I perceive, at the end of the immense hall, one sole man, evidently a commissioner. *Quel édifice, grand comme une cathédrale, pour abriter un seul commissionnaire!* He is probably one of the Commissioners of the National Debt. I have heard to speak of them. The hall has cost too much dear, and he is that which one calls "the man of possession" who represents the creditors of the nation.

Then at side I perceive, on a species of etiquette, the names of several courts. It is at the entry of a tunnel. My friend has counselled me of to advance without to hesitate. Therefore I enter immediately in the tunnel. For the moment I believe myself in the Railway under Ground. However, at the end of

an instant I perceive the feeble glimmer of a beak of gas, and, *tatouant* in the obscurity, I encounter all suddenly the wall in face, actually at the end of the nose. Then searching still I find that I can to advance at side, and, marching thus with some infinite precautions, I hear the noise of a fall.

I arrest myself. The moment of after something rolls at my feet. I search my carry-matches, and lighting a match while the object lifts himself I see a fat mister, *tout enroulé*, who is fallen in descending a spiral staircase of whom I perceive the first marches. If I were not actually in the Palace of Justice of the free England, country of the "Habeas Corpus Bill," I should believe myself in an *oubliette* of a middle-aged castle. At the least I am arrived by error in the caves, in the subterraneans, of the Palace. But no! The fat mister, having refound his hat and his umbrella, at the aid of some ones of my matches, explicates to me that all the staircases are as that. And suspecting probably that I am stranger, he counsels me of not to essay an ascension so dangerous. Then he disappears in the obscurity.

*Que faire?* I must to essay it. Lighting still some matches I mount the staircase very slowly and very carefully, and in fine I arrive at the summit where finds herself an all little window, a veritable "loop-hole." For the first time I can to admire the matches of my country! *Mon Dieu! Il faut se servir d'allumettes françaises pour monter l'escalier du Palais de Justice de l'Angleterre!*

Eh well, I arrive in a narrow corridor, also very sombre, but I can to see a small little, un *petit peu*. I find there much of world, entering and coming out of the doors all the long of the corridor. Me I go to enter. I push one of the doors, who shuts herself behind me. I find myself in complete obscurity, surrounded of a curtain. Not only that, but someone, perhaps essaying of to go out, attacks me from the other side of the curtain, marches on my feet, hits me on the chest, and smashes my hat. In this terrible moment another invisible assailant crushes me in opening the door. Enveloped of the curtain, incapable of to defend myself, suffocated, smashed, I push a cry of anguish, and I lance a good blow of foot in before. *Quel Palais de Justice! Un véritable coupe-gorge! Un guet-apens du moyen âge! On se croirait dans les cachots de l'ancienne Venise!* But I will die in hero! I will combat until the death!

I essay of to disengage myself the arms, for better to defend myself, and I cry at high voice, "*Au secours!*" From the other side of the curtain a voice responds "Silence!" and I hear some murmurs. By blue! Are they then some savages, who will leave me to perish as that? The curtain covers me the mouth, I respire at pain, and, making all my efforts, I push violently in arrear, *en arrière*. The door yields suddenly, and I fall outside in the arms of a commissioner.

Unuseful to demand help, unuseful to explicate to him all the affair, unuseful of anything to say! In vain I demand the arrestation of my assailants, in vain I proclaim myself a citizen of the French Republic! He says me only, "Are you a witness?" "No," I respond to him furious, "I see not anything. Enveloped of a curtain, it would be impossible. I demand—" "Thennoutchougo," interrupts he, and I am forced of to go myself of it by the corridor, by the staircase so dangerous, and by the tunnel to the Hall of Lost Steps, and in fine to the street.

As that, Mister Punch, I see but very little of your Palace of Justice. But I shall go perhaps one other time, accompanied of an English friend, *grand amateur de la boxe*, who would could to defend me.

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.

### Little Eloff.

WHEN little ELOFF, full of spite and spleen,  
Presumes to splutter at our gracious QUEEN,  
The world replies with universal scoff,  
And Echo answers little ELOFF—Off!!!

### A Question of Headgear.

Mrs. Giniper (to Mrs. RUMBOLD, at the "Cat and Candlestick"). Wot's the matter, MARIA? You look as 'ow you'd bin cryin'!

Mrs. Rumbold. Cryin'! So would you 'ave bin if jest as you're a-goin' to buy yourself a spring 'at hout comes a Royal horder makin' yer get a new bonnet for the dawg!

### Bluff.

One Leader. Strike, if you dare! That's the way among men, sure!

Why don't you tread on the tail of my coat?  
The Other. Yah! What you'd like is a Vote of Censure—  
We'd like to censure without the Vote.

## UNDER CONTROL AGAIN!

(Extracted from the Diary of a Sad Dog.)

THOUGHT there was something wrong when I got up. Trilby, who understands human talk better than I do, was pretty cheerful—and that was a bad sign. How I do hate that cat! Then Master HARRY was very angry because he couldn't find something. He went out without me. That was in the morning. But in the afternoon he had evidently got what he wanted. He called me, and I came up as fresh as paint. Thought I might have a chance of showing my enemy the butcher-boy what 'a what. A little late, but perhaps might catch him outside the shop. But to my horror I found that the article whose loss had caused Master HARRY so much annoyance in the earlier part of the day was no less a thing than my muzzle! I don't like using bad language—even in dog-latin—but cuss it! However, there was nothing to be done. I pretended that I had outgrown it. But it was no good. Master HARRY got it over my head, and although I tried rubbing it against a lamp-post and the Square railings I could not get it off. Beastly thing! Enough to drive one mad. However, in course of time I think I shall be able to work my mouth through it, and then I will square accounts with the butcher-boy. Of course now wanted to avoid him. With my usual bad luck, came across him delivering a leg of mutton to No. 76 in our Square. He grinned like a baboon (idiot!) when he saw my muzzle. Then he whistled. His whistling always makes me wild! Did as much barking as I could with my jaws in straps. Brute of a boy seemed rather pleased than otherwise. Didn't enjoy my walk one bit, although Master HARRY took me into St. James's Park, where I generally manage to chivy the ducks. But on this occasion they seemed to be turning up their beaks at me. Evidently thought I had been muzzled for some crime—possibly for taking something from the larder. As if I would be capable of such meanness! Leave that sort of thing to Trilby, who, when anyone's back is turned, stealthily laps up the milk. So came home with my muzzle on my head and my tail between my legs. Trilby said that she thought the London County Council were quite right. So I suppose it's to that meddling body I owe my loss of freedom. Wish I could get at them! Still, I find that I may go free in the house. Well, that's a comfort at any rate. Buttons had better be on his best behaviour! And then I can have some fun with the handy-man. I always refuse to recognise him. I pretend to take him for a burglar, and treat him accordingly! So if I cannot amuse myself out of doors, I can, at any rate, find rational recreation at home. And now I must stop, as I see that the handy-man has a large picture in his hands on the top step of a ladder. It will be a real treat to have a good bark and perhaps a bite without the bother of a muzzle!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HENRY FROWDE lays at the feet of his Sovereign the tribute of a Diamond Jubilee Bible and Prayer Book. The volumes are produced in the perfection of style and workmanship that marks the Oxford University Press. The Bible contains two portraits, one a reproduction of a picture of the girl-Queen as she looked forth from the recesses of a charming poke-bonnet in the first year of her reign. The other is, apparently, the latest photograph taken of the venerable Sovereign. The volume is further enriched by reproductions of the cartoons painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS in 1778 for the window of New College, Oxford. There are two other portraits of the QUEEN in the Prayer Book, one taken from a painting by AGIAIO about 1837, the other a recent photograph. In both she is presented standing, crowned, and wearing her robes of State. But, my Baronite writes, between the two lies the long journey of sixty years.

*The Book of Parliament*, by MICHAEL MACDONAGH (INDISTEN & Co.), is a masterpiece of compendious information. It tells in lucid manner everything that may be known about the Constitution and Procedure of both Houses of Parliament. Considering the mass of detail dealt with, and the amount of information conveyed, the range of accuracy attained is remarkable. My Baronite observes only one error in date, and that is probably a misprint. A more serious blemish is misquotation of what Mr. MACDONAGH calls "the famous saying of Lord ROSEBERRY," privily addressed to my Baronite immediately after the fall of the Ministry in 1895. In *A Diary of the Home Rule Parliament* the text will be found to run thus:—"There are two supreme pleasures in life. One is ideal, the other real. The ideal is when a man receives the seals of office from the hands of his Sovereign. The real pleasure comes when he hands them back." Lord ROSEBERRY is such a master of phrase that we cannot have his gems reset



## IT DOESN'T SOUND NICE.

*His Better Half.* "NOW, EDWIN, ABOUT THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION. DID YOU GET THE BEST PLACE YOU COULD FOR ME?"

*Her Lord and Master.* "YES, MARIA JANE, I DID. IT'S—IT'S IN ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCHYARD!"

by other hands. As Mr. MACDONAGH does not quote the authority he probably gives the marred quotation at second hand.

(Signed) THE BARON.

## SUGGESTION FOR THE R.A.

5, The Studios, St. John's Wood, N. W.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—The R.A. having once more rejected all my eight pictures, I think it high time that steps should be taken to check the tyrannical conduct of this autocratic body. It is an axiom now generally accepted (by "The Studio" set) that the better the picture the less chance it has of being accepted; the reason being this, that the R.A.'s are naturally afraid to admit any canvases that might eclipse their own. "Which of the Forty," says my wife, standing before her portrait as "*Desdemona*" (15ft. by 22), "which of the Forty could have painted *that*?" And I, looking sadly at my masterpiece, can only shake my head and echo, "Which?"

I have borne it long enough, Mr. Punch. Mrs. ROSE-MADDER's wardrobe is reduced to the lay-figure's shroud, while little TITIAN's knickers would hardly pass muster as *caleçons*. This state of things is so obviously unjust that it cannot continue, and I therefore beg that you will assist me in giving publicity to the following resolutions which were passed this afternoon at a mass-meeting of "The Studios."

I. That the present President and Council of the R.A. be abolished.

II. That a new President and Council be appointed.

III. That the said new Council consist of and be solely selected from "The Studios."

IV. That the said new President be

Your obedient Servant, PERCY ROSE-MADDER.



"LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI."

*Mrs. Ghoul.* ' Ah, FUNERALS isn't what THEY USED TO BE IN MY TIME! I RECOLLECT WHEN WE 'AD 'AM SANGWISHERS AND SHERRY WINE; BUT NOW IT'S AS MUCH AS YOU CAN GET A BIT O' CAKE AND A CUP O' TEA. AH!' "

SIR WALTER'S WAY.

"Self-praise is no recommendation."

*Old (and obsolete) Proverb.*

[ "Sir WALTER BESANT discloses, in the *Cornhill*, a grave national weakness. Englishmen do not make enough of patriotic sentiment. . . . The Americans have two days of patriotic uplifting, and we have not one."—*Daily Chronicle*. ]

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself has said,

This is my own, my native land,  
The rich, the dominant, the grand?  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned  
As Russ he flouted, Boer he spurned,  
And all the band of "foreigners" banned?  
Found all the virtues bound in British;  
Called Teutons rude and Frenchmen skit-  
tish;

Dubbed Austrian rude, Italian cranky,  
And saw the yahoo in the Yankee;  
Traced nothing good, great, brave, wise,  
glorious,  
Save in Old England the victorious?  
If such there be, let him not falter,  
Or with his patriotism palter,  
But go at once to good Sir WALTER!  
He'll teach him wisely, coach him well,  
And make his manly bosom swell

With any number of fine stories  
Concerning Britain's gains and glories;  
Will make him recognise with glee  
"Our racial supremacy";  
Show the solution of earth's riddle  
Is "England playing the first fiddle";  
That "Days of patriot uplifting  
Are indispensable for gifting  
The modest Briton with a sense  
Of his own super-eminence.  
BULL is so mighty and—what's oddest—  
So most preposterously modest,  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
He will forget, in chase of pelf,  
To worship earth's great god—Himself!  
He does not know his own renown  
As wisdom's top and valour's crown.  
But now Sir WALTER has well hit on  
A scheme to make the foolish Briton,  
By "patriotic sentiment,"  
With his high merits more content;  
He'll praise himself in style not cursory,  
But start a National Anniversary,  
Wherein, by his own matchless tongue,  
His dominance mankind among  
May be more adequately sung!

And then, O gracious heaven above us,  
How the whole universe will love us!!!

WHO WROTE THIS?

THE following postcard was picked up near our office on Tuesday. Unfortunately the address and signature are illegible:—

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to your well-meant and, as I deem it, indiscreet question, 'Should Greece be blockaded?' I can only say that it is quite without the possibilities of a private person to gauge with accuracy the conditions of the situation in Eastern Europe. Nor is it within the scope of one, who has retired into purely philosophical studies, to determine the balance which hangs between the Hellenes and the so-called Great Powers. At the same time I have no hesitation in saying that the traditions of Marathon must be maintained, and that some remembrance of Salamis should act as a preventive to further aggression on the part of nations possessing no qualification for attempting the duties of marine police amid Homeric remains."

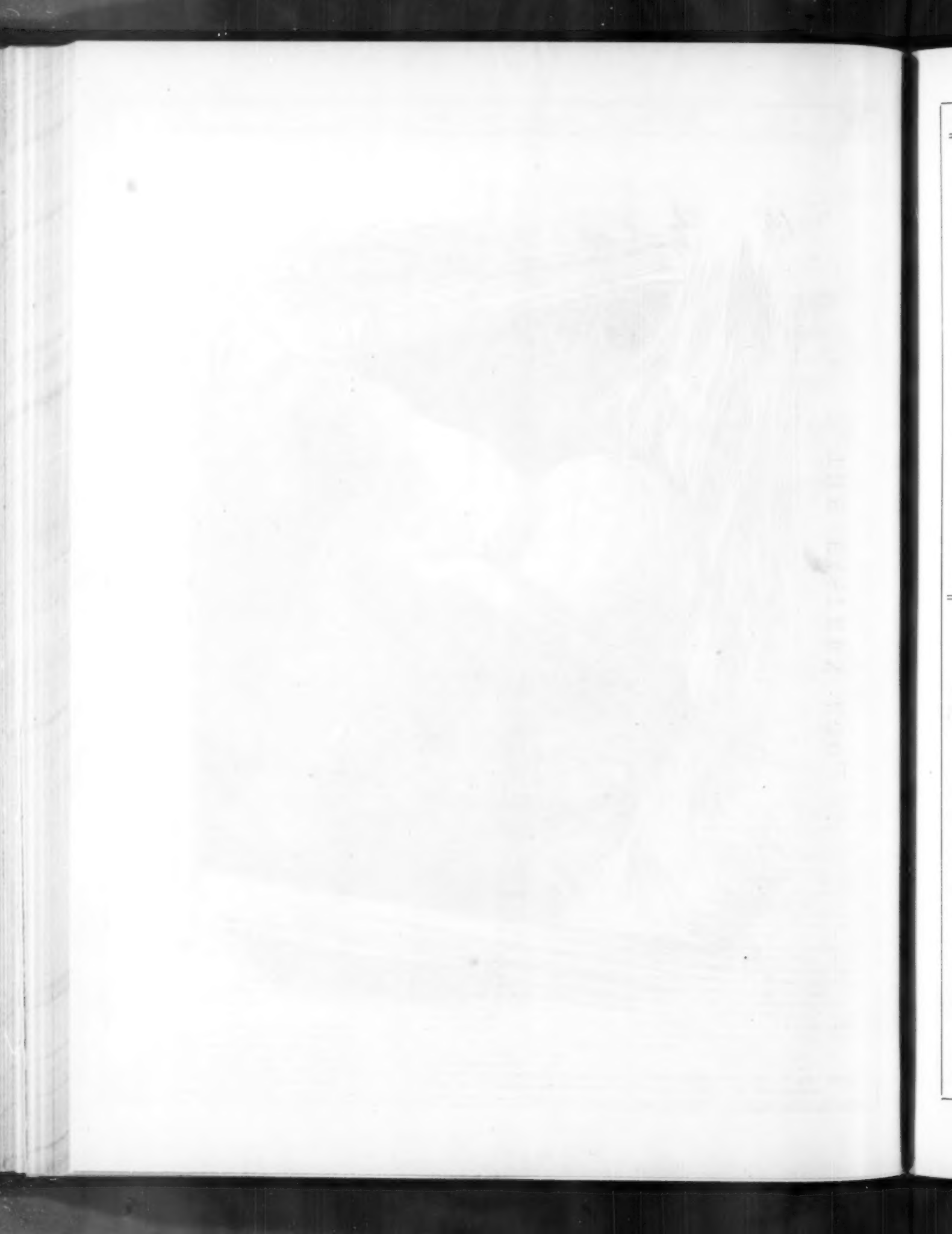
THE STAFF, WHICH HELPS MOST HUMAN  
BRINGS TO BED.—The Candle-stick.





## THE EASTERN EGG.

WHAT WILL COME OF IT?





## A DEFINITION.

(An Easter Monday Sketch by the Sea.)

First 'Arry. "WHAT'S A GEN'LEMAN RIDER, OLD PAL?"

Second 'Arry. "WHY, A COVE LIKE YOU AN' ME O' COURSE, AS AIN'T A BLOOMIN' PERFESSIONAL!"

## THE LIMITS OF CHIVALRY.

O WOMAN! in your hour of wrong,  
Not vainly shall you seek  
My voice and aid against the strong,  
Who would oppress the weak.  
Whenas I hear the whispered word  
(Albeit sometimes true)  
That you are fickle, vain, absurd—  
Then I stand up for you.

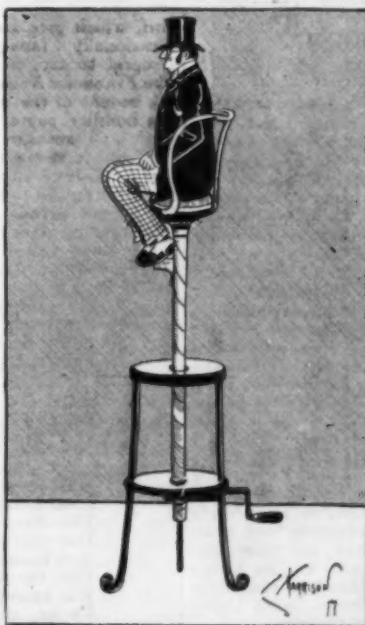
And be you fair, or be you plain,  
Of lineage high or low,  
In me a champion you shall gain,  
If you will have it so.  
Dear lady, you may even be  
The woman known as "new,"  
It matters not one jot to me—  
I'll e'en stand up for you.

Whoever in your praise is dumb,  
My voice at least I'll raise,  
Who worship you in spite of some  
Of your less pleasing ways.  
At *matinées*, if you but hark,  
Or at a private view,  
Your hat excites adverse remark—  
Yet I stand up for you.

Ape man without one frown from me,  
Go out with dog and gun—  
If of your party I may be  
Excused from making one.  
Make speeches, if you like, and wear  
The "rational" tenue—  
I do not come myself to hear,  
Still—I stand up for you.

But when the omnibus is packed,  
And you come pushing in;  
When there are "six each side," in fact,  
And none of us are thin;

And when you murmur soft and sweet  
"I'll stand," a gentle cue  
For me to give you up my seat—  
I don't stand up for you!



Selling in Thousands! Nupkins' Patent Jubilee Chair, on the Pianoforte Stool principle. Packs up into a small portmanteau or hat case. Can be purchased on the Three Years' System.

## A BAR TO THE BAR.

To the Editor of Punch.

DEAR AND LEARNED SIR,—As you are admittedly the mouthpiece of Justice, will you allow me to call your attention to the resolution which has recently been passed by the General Council of the Bar objecting to counsel "holding the office of Town Clerk, Clerk to Guardians, or any similar public office" taking private practice? The Committee have gone further. They have sent a resolution to the Benchers of the four Inns of Court, contending that "It is undesirable that a person holding any such office should be called to the Bar." I can quite understand the feeling that has prompted this action. Competition is keen in our profession, and we—no doubt—would prefer to keep Town Clerks and the like to their work to the exclusion of any other duty. But the suggestion that a person holding the positions referred to should not be called to the Bar hints at the undesirability of Barristers themselves accepting such appointments. To this, for reasons of a self-evident character, I cannot possibly agree. And as I speak as the representative of a very large majority of my colleagues, I trust you will give publicity to my opinion. Yours truly,

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court.

P.S.—I may say that were I offered such an appointment I would relinquish my private practice at once. I may add, that with some such career in view I have for many years past been reducing the number of my clients. Should corroboration be needed my clerk, Mr. PORTINGTON, will be happy to show my fee-book. Of course, only to members of the profession.





*Publisher (impatiently).* "WELL, SIR, WHAT IS IT?" *Poet (timidly).* "O—ER—ARE YOU MR. JOHNSON?" *Publisher (irritably).* "YES."  
*Poet (more timidly).* "MR. GEORGE JOHNSON!" *Publisher (excitably).* "YES, SIR, THAT'S MY NAME."  
*Poet (more timidly still).* "OF THE FIRM OF MESSRS. JOHNSON AND DOODLE!" *Publisher (angrily).* "YES. WHAT DO YOU WANT?"  
*Poet.* "OH—I WANT TO SEE MR. DOODLE!"

### OUR HOTEL DRAWING-ROOM.

(Tout compris.)

*Hôtel de Midi, N'Importe Où, Basses Pyrénées.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am staying in a first-class hotel, "complete" with every comfort, with magnificent scenery laid on every floor, a snow-capped mountain-range in the back-garden, and a romantic gave, or river, in the foreground. All this you will see from the hotel note-paper, which, in accordance with custom, shows all the other adjacent establishments very properly dwarfed to an insignificant size. But what I want specially to point out to your discriminating readers is the superexcellence of the literature in our *Salon de Lecture*. I have just been taking a rough inventory, and find there is something to suit every taste. The centenarian will discover here the newspapers of his early youth, the hypochondriac can study the illustrated *Album des Villes d'Eaux et de Bains de Mer* and the *Medical Press* of sixteen months ago, and the golf-maniac has *The Little Folks' History of England* and *The British Journal of Commerce* for October, 1896, provided for him—in fact, the assortment is as completely varied and classic as the interesting collections usually to be seen on the tables in dentists' waiting-rooms. Besides these, there is a well-preserved copy of *Westrailia* (dated July 23, 1896), and a Post-Office Directory, which I am sure would appeal to the lady visitors, when they are tired of looking at the *Annuaire de Commerce* for 1890, or the Time-table of the London and North Western Railway. And there are several fascinating back numbers of the *Gentlewoman*, and *Hearth and Home*, not more than ten months old, which the stray gentlemen who wander hither from the smoke-room will no doubt be delighted to read from cover to cover. I notice they always do at home, being highly (and naturally) interested in the advertisement pictures.

The drawing-room table also contains several important French publications, such as *L'Ami des Campagnes*, *Le Monde Thermal*, and *La Collection de Mme. Roland*, which, I regret to say, are not as much appreciated as they should be. The French journals,

also, which give some intensely thrilling provincial news, with occasionally a foreign telegram of certainly within the last week, I regret to say, are scarcely ever removed from their wrappers. The *Financial News* and various Store catalogues are taken in for the benefit of the invalids, who derive much pleasure in turning the familiar pages over and over again. There is a charming work on Russia (in French), with only a few pages missing, on a what-not in the corner; a handy-guide to the Peak of Derbyshire, and a Visitors' List of the Swiss Resorts form not unattractive additions to the collection; while the *pièce de resistance* is perhaps the *Album Naturel de la Fabrique et de l'Industrie*. This is truly light reading after the heavy and excellent dinners provided us.

For those who shun newspapers, even though a year old, there is a beautiful and novel toy in the shape of a stereoscope. This would be a still greater success if the photographs, which exhibit family groups in the costume of the sixties, were not somewhat tattered and fragmentary. This about completes the contents of our Salon, but I think I have written enough to shew that, though far from Fleet Street, we are not without food for the mind.

Yours fatuously, Z. Y. X.

P.S.—Could you favour me with a London evening paper from time to time? Even a halfpenny one would be a godsend.

### "THE VISION."

I DREAMED, but 'twas only a passing dream,  
That from London milk you could skim thick cream;  
That cats in the night had ceased to squall,  
And formed the choir of the Albert Hall;  
That the person leading the Tory Van  
Was known by the name of the "Grand Old Man."  
I woke, and said to myself, "Ah me!  
If this were true, what a change there'd be!"

APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN COMMITTEE.—The Labyrinth.

**"MINE EASE IN MINE INN."**

["The Porters and Police have orders to remove all persons making a noise within this Inn."  
Notice Boards in Lincoln's Inn.]

TEMPLE of monastic quiet!

Shrine where noise becomes a sin!  
Let no turmoil, no rude riot,  
Mar thy peace, O Lincoln's Inn!

Far from madding crowds the Benchers  
Samples some old special bin,  
Proves himself a valiant trencher-  
man in peaceful Lincoln's Inn.

Leaders there in fat briefs revel,  
And renown and fortune win,  
Working hard the willing "devil,"  
In the peace of Lincoln's Inn.

Juniors old and grey, who crave its  
Shelter, webs of pleading spin,  
Draw vast deeds and affidavits,  
Peacefully in Lincoln's Inn.

Save the "Devil's Own," when drilling—  
Line of heroes somewhat thin!—  
There no sounds the air are filling,  
Peace holds sway in Lincoln's Inn.

Callous organ-grinders dare not  
There their repertoire begin,  
There stentorian costers fare not—  
All is peace in Lincoln's Inn.

Paper-boys and bands Teutonic  
Are to nuisance near akin—  
These a notice stern, laconic,  
Bars from peaceful Lincoln's Inn.

"Porters and Police have orders  
To prevent all noise and din"—  
Thanks to these efficient warders  
There is peace in Lincoln's Inn!

**QUESTIONS FOR THE EASTER OUTING.**

(To be ignored by the Patriotic Volunteer.)

Is there any benefit to the British race in rising at five to parade at six?

What is the advantage to our Indian Empire of going to the coast in an overcrowded train in heavy marching order?

Will the Empire be saved by your joining your battalion half asleep and nearly starving?

Will Britannia rule the waves with greater freedom if you manœuvre in the rain for an indefinite period?

Will JOHN BULL sleep more soundly if you deafen yourself and your neighbours by firing off an unlimited number of blank cartridges?

Will the Concert of Europe be strengthened by your putting off your breakfast until after your lunch, and taking that meal later than your customary dinner-time?

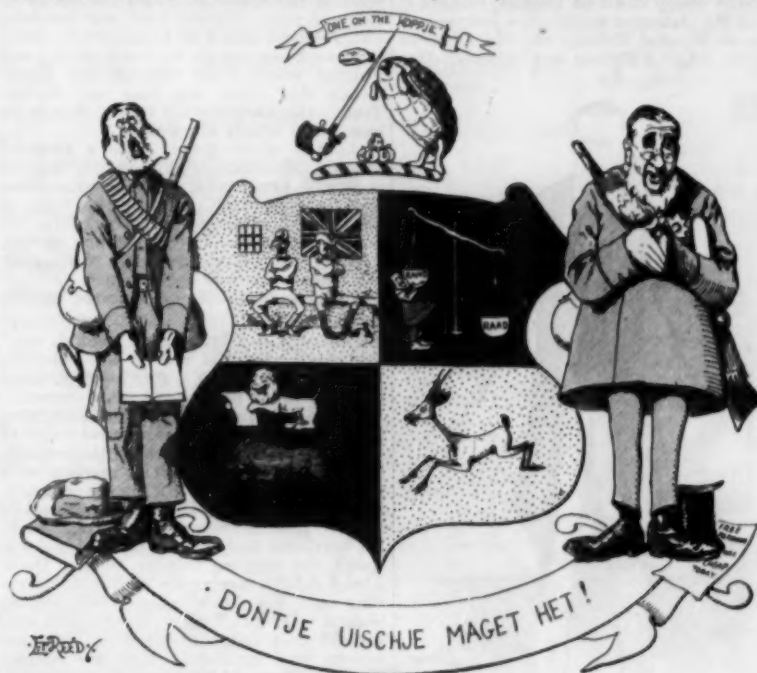
Will the cause of International Federation be furthered by your tramping through ploughed fields for eight hours at a stretch?

Will Australia advance at a quicker pace by your marching past a flag-staff on the bleakest of bleak downs?

Will Canada love the mother more dearly because you stagger into a railway station at eight in the evening with a prospect of passing the greater part of the night in a third-class carriage?

Finally, don't you think that England might continue to be England still, even were you to shirk your martial duties and stay quietly at home?

A SOUVENIR OF LENT.—A ticket issued by a pawnbroker.

**READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!**

DOM PAUL, 1ST EARL OF KRUGERSDORP.

*Arms:* Quarterly; 1st, two British cage-birds still vulning themselves on a ground of excessive patriotism; 2nd, a pair of scales-of-justice patent controllable and adjustable at will proper; 3rd, a lion in exclamation roaring over a bear charging to absurdity for moral and intellectual damage; 4th, a dog-eared "hym-bök" bound in veldt with covert designs. *Crest:* A reform tortoise of the rand emergent couped at the neck proper disarmed and voided of assets. *Supporters:* Dexter, a burgher rampant in piety armed to the teeth; sinister, an antique dopper also in piety habited proper in broadcloth home-made and moth-eaten to the last; both singing in unison falsetté the indermiddel from "simplicita rusticana." *Second Motto:* "Who said Rhodes!"

**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 5.*—Everyone glad to see the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD back again to-night. PRINCE ARTHUR, who instinctively does the gracious thing, said so amid cheers from both sides. Young bloods on Tory benches sometimes affect to make light of the SQUIRE, interrupt him when he is speaking, jeer when he rises to purple heights of oratory. But in its secret heart the House, independent of party, is proud of the SQUIRE, recognising in him the greatest Parliamentarian left, the final practitioner in an old school which Time has long been busy breaking up.

Coming back in rather subdued mood after a week's wrestling with that practised athlete the Influenza, the SQUIRE is, perhaps, just a little mild in manner. Has brought with him notice of a resolution forbidding employment of forces of the Crown against the kingdom of Greece or the people of Crete. PRINCE ARTHUR, jumping at opportunity, wants him to call it a Vote of Censure. In his mellowed mood the SQUIRE declines. How, he asks, can they move a vote of censure upon the Government till they know precisely what is their line of policy? All his proposed motion designs is to bring out a full declaration of the intentions of Her Majesty's Government with respect to Greece and Crete.

His coyness increases desire of PRINCE ARTHUR to be assailed. Amid loud cheers from Ministerialists spoiling for a fight PRINCE ARTHUR walks up and down before Front Opposition Bench, temptingly trailing his frock coat. Won't SQUIRE tread on its tail? Words cannot describe the look of ineffable benevolence that mantles the broad visage of the SQUIRE. Why should he tread on anyone's coat, least of all on the garment of his interesting and amiable young friend? A man of peace, he desires, above all things, to avoid strife. Moreover than which, if yielding to sudden temptation he were to accept the challenge persistently fluttered in his face, he would confer great tactical advantage upon the enemy. At the first sound of pitched battle Ministerial ranks would close up; the faintest murmur of independent criticism would be hushed; Ministers would obtain a rattling majority that would enable them to go their way for rest of Session, snapping their fingers in face of discredited Opposition.

These, however, mere details. It is because moved by larger, nobler passion for peace and quietness, that the SQUIRE smilingly shakes his head and keeps his foot clear of the temptingly trailed coat.

*Business done.*—The Minister for Education brings in an Education Bill.

*Tuesday.*—Mr. WEA, meditating in the night season on the position of the country over whose weal he ever watches, is struck by strategical possibilities of Iceland. What if the Concert of the

Great Powers being broken one of them were to swoop down on Iceland, making it what Dr. JAMESON would call a jumping-off ground to seize Orkney and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland? Day



A HEARTRENDING APPEAL!

Mr. B-l-f-r sings—

"Won't anybody move a Vote of Censure now on me?"

(Popular Music-hall Song slightly amended.)

and night the fear has haunted him. He thought of calling upon Lord WOLSELEY to discuss the situation. But he knows that military men in high command are absurdly jealous of their position, and resent suggestions from civilians. The advantage of adopting such a course is evident. The communication would have been private. The other alternative, questioning the Ministers in the House of Commons, would put the enemy on the alert, might even suggest to him the masterly manoeuvre.

However, for reasons stated, Mr. WEIR decided to risk consequences. To-night confronted UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR with problem. BRODRICK put best face on matter. Mr. WEIR's suggestion is, that in order to resist any swooping down of a piratical power from Iceland, steps should be taken to fortify the north-west coast of Scotland. ST. JOHN BRODRICK frigidly replied that the joint Naval and Military Committee do not consider Iceland a source of danger. Consequently they have not recommended works on the north-west coast of Scotland.

House laughed, but a little hysterically. It felt that with unerring military instinct Mr. WEIR had put his finger on a weak spot in the national armour; was only half assured by the jaunty confidence of UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR.

The little incident appropriately led the way to debate opened by SWIN-KARR,

in which he demonstrated how thin is the crust of the crater on which the safety of England rests. Showed how, war breaking out, England would be beleaguered, would in a week eat up all its bread stuffs, and Famine would stalk through the Land. DILKE said there are peas and lentils. True. Also there are old boots. But in no case is the supply illimitable.

On the whole spent quite a cheerful evening. Mr. WEIR frightening the life out of us with prospect of an invasion from Iceland, and SWIN-KARR, like the voice of one crying in a granary, "We have no corn." By eight o'clock everyone in such a blue funk that we were glad to see each other home before it got later.

Business done.—House counted out at eight o'clock.

Thursday.—"TIM HEALY reminds me," said SARK, "of the waiter not unknown to fame, who, having a rare holiday, spent it in assisting a pal to serve a big dinner."

No Irish business to the fore just now. Other Irish Members take advantage of the lull, either to go back to their much-loved country or spend the evening with their friends in town. TIM, on the contrary, hearing that the Welsh Members mean to oppose the Berriew School Bill, tucks his serviette under his arm, and goes to spend the evening helping them. Quite a brisk debate, having the additional charm that very few knew what it was about. Honest CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES frankly avowed that frame of mind as sufficient reason why he should vote for Second Reading. It would have served equally well as logical reason for opposing the Bill. But with the CAP'EN benevolence always predominates. To gentle minds it is easier to say "yes" than "no." So when the SPEAKER put the question that the Bill be read a second time, the CAP'EN answered with a cheery "Ay, ay, Sir!"

This Berriew School Bill has from the first succeeded in attracting exceptional attention. Members recalled how, on the night when PRINCE ARTHUR, shelling the Vice-President of the Council, proposed to introduce the Voluntary Schools Bill, JOHN O'GORST adroitly and dramatically prefaced the unusual procedure by humbly walking up the floor, bringing in the Berriew School Bill. Here it was come up for Second Reading, with a pack of Welsh Members in full cry, TRUCULENT TIM leading the way. Fought it step by step on motion for Second Reading, and on motion to refer it to Grand Committee on Law. This last TIM denounced as "simply an expedient for ramrodding the Bill through the House."

I thank thee, TIM, for teaching me that verb. Not to be found in the dictionary; but it ought to be.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Friday.—Since CAWMELL-BANNERMAN left War Office, we don't look to that part of Pall Mall for wit and humour. But, as SARK says, you may break, you may shatter the vase as you will, the scent of the roses will cling to it still. Thus, though CAWMELL-BANNERMAN was, nearly two years ago, blown out of War Office by cordite explosion, engineered by that great military strategist ST. JOHN BRODRICK, the building still gives forth echoes of good things.

One such stands to credit of Financial Secretary. In course of conversation across the table, CALDWELL affirmed that something had been said by an earlier speaker.

"But," said POWELL WILLIAMS, "the

hon. Member was not present at the moment."

"Oh yes," said CALDWELL, "I'm always here."

"Ah!" murmured POWELL WILLIAMS, "but you're not always there."



Sir "Fregoli" L-ckw-d, the "quick change" artist, appears as one of Her Majesty's Ministers in raiment kindly lent by Sir R. F-nl-y.

No; it must be admitted that, considering his extreme fluency of tepid speech, HOMOCRA CALDWELL doesn't often touch the spot.

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates in Committee of Supply. CALDWELL all over the shop. Had, as he says, a real good evening.

### RINGING THE CHANGES.

THE sweet old days of Long-ago

We thought could never, never change;  
Our hearts were all too young to know  
That they could ever, ever change.

My darling! O my darling!  
When you were just a maiden coy,  
And I was but a bashful boy,  
When time was meant for endless joy—  
Ah me! that we should find the change,  
My darling! O my darling!

The promises of Spring were fain;  
We thought that love could never change,  
'Mid winds of March and April rain,  
And so from Spring to Summer change,  
My darling! O my darling!  
The daffodils sprang into sheen  
With gold encrowned upon the green;  
Each one, like you, a gentle queen.  
Ah me! that we should find the change,  
My darling! O my darling!

The hopes of Spring are buried, fled  
Into the life that yet must change;  
The love is lost, forgotten, dead  
As memories that ever change,  
My darling! O my darling!  
No longer we meet now by stealth.  
I have my heart and you your wealth.  
Upon my word I'd drink your health—  
Ah me! if I could find the change,  
My darling! O my darling!



By Special Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen.



**VITALI'S CHIANTI.**

"THE FINEST" UNEQUALLED.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

See Wine Cards **CORDON HOTELS.**  
Metropole, London. Cliftonville, Margate.  
Victoria, " Burlington, Eastbourne.  
Grand, " Royal Pier Hotel, Kydo.  
1st Avenue, Melbourne. 1 W. the Riviera Hotel.  
Hubers Restaurant. Gatti's.  
Fracassi's. Frevitali's Hotel.  
Of all first class caterers in the United Kingdom.  
"Superior Vintage Wines of Italy."  
LONDON, E.C.

**HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.**  
The Best Liqueur.

**HOWARD BEDFORD.**  
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

**COAT-PIPE**  
Clips on Coat.

Flexible stem. Cover to bowl. For Cycling, Travelling, &c.  
3/- post free.

**PATENT PIPE CO.,**  
19, Victoria St., Bradford.  
Agents Wanted.

GUARANTEED PERFECTLY HOLLOW GROUND.

**ENCORE RAZOR**

GUARANTEED PERFECT

Ivory, &c.; Black, &c. Thomas Turner & Co. make their own steel. Send for Free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers:

**T. TURNER & CO.,** Suffolk Works, SHEFFIELD.  
Who will supply through nearest Agent.  
Ask for "Encore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON **DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD.**

ESTD. 1784.

**Old Bushmills PURE MALT WHISKEY**

The Largest Stock of Fine Old Matured Pure Malt Whiskey in the World.  
Write to The Distillery, BUSHMILLS.  
for name of nearest Dealer.

FOR COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, &c., DRINK

**VICHY CELESTINS** Spring

Sold by all Chemists, Druggists, and Grocers throughout the Kingdom.

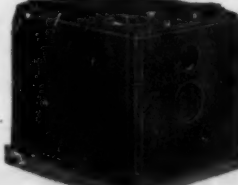
Sole Importers:  
**INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

**GOLD & SILVER Pencil cases**  
with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark

**S. MORDAN & CO**  
can be obtained from all Jewellers & Stationers.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC SIMPLICITY.**

**EASTMAN'S POCKET and BULL'S-EYE KODAK CAMERAS.**  
Loaded in Daylight.



No. 1 BULL'S-EYE.  
The Pocket. Price £1 1s.  
Makes pictures 2½ x 3 inches.

The No. 2 Bull's-Eye. Price £1 15s.  
Makes pictures 3½ x 5 inches.

The No. 4 Bull's-Eye. Price £2 10s.  
Makes pictures 5 x 4 inches.

**EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co. Ltd.**  
115-117 Oxford Street, London, W.  
PARIS:—4 Place Vendôme.  
BERLIN:—91 Markgrafen Strasse.  
Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.  
Eastman Kodak Co.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

**KROPP RAZOR**

English Manufacture.

WARRANTED PERFECT

Black Handle, 6s. 6d. Ivory Handle, 7s. 6d. A Pair Ivory Handles, in Russia leather case, 12s.  
Wholesale: Ouseley, Gossard, & Co., London, W.  
Pamphlet, "Shaver's Kit and Outfit," Post Free.

**STEEL BALL BEARINGS**

**Smith Premier Typewriter**  
PERFECT MECHANISM  
EASY TOUCH

**PIONEER IMPROVEMENTS**

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., 14 GRACECHURCH ST, LONDON, E.C.

**Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.**

LIQUEURS OF THE **COE CHARTREUSE.**

These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignees, W. HOYLE, 25, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

**ROPER FRÈRES' FIRST QUALITY CHAMPAGNE.**

**BENZINE COLLAS.**—Ask for "Collas."  
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSER.  
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSER.  
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSER.

**BENZINE COLLAS.**—Buy "Collas."  
REMOVES TAIL OIL.—PAINT, GREASE, REMOVES TAIL OIL.—PAINT, GREASE, FROM FURNITURE.—CLOTH, &c.

**DO NOT BUY COMMON BENZINE.**  
See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap. Which is the original. Extra refined. After using it becomes quite aromatic.

**BENZINE COLLAS.**—Ask for "Collas"  
Preparation, and take no other. Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per bottle. Agents: H. Green & Sons, 2, Winsley St., Oxford St., W.

**SWEET LAVENDER THE FAVOURITE ENGLISH PERFUME.**

MADE BY MILETT BRAND (1882-1).

Always Refreshing, Sweet, and Lasting.  
PRICE.—1s., 2s., 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

In consequence of imitations, please note that NONE IS GENUINE UNLESS bearing our Name and Trade Mark on Label.

TO BE HAD OF ALL PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, &c.

Wholesale, R. HOVENHOUT & SONS, BERNER ST., W., & CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

**CLARKE'S PATENT SAFETY NIGHT LIGHT**

PATENT PYRAMID

THE SHADED PART REPRESENTS THE PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE

The SAFETY Night Light.  
CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., Ltd.  
Cricklewood, London, N.W. Sold everywhere.

IN THE KITCHEN.

# LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

*J. Liebig*

GOES FARTHEST.

Added to gravies and soups it acts like a cook's talisman; but always look for the BLUE SIGNATURE; there are imitations which do not taste so nice, and are not so carefully manufactured.

# CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

PURE MALT VINEGAR,

PICKLES, SAUCES,

JAMS, SOUPS, AND

POTTED MEATS

Are sold by Grocers and Stores  
throughout the World.

# DU BARRY'S REVALENTA FOOD

Cures

All disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, the Blood, the Nerves, Lungs, Liver, Voice, and Breath—such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Bronchitis, Influenza, Acidity, Heartburn, Phlegm, Flatulency, Feverish Breath, Nervous, Bilious, Pulmonary, Glandular, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Debility, Cough, Asthma, all Fevers, Spasms, Impurities and Poverty of the Blood, Ague; Rheumatism, Gout; Nausea and Vomiting; Eruptions, Sleeplessness, Atrophy, Wasting in Adults and Children. 50 years' invariable success with old and young, even in the most hopeless cases. 100,000 annual cures.

PRICES.—DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA suitably packed for all climates. In Tins of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. at 2s.; 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s.; 5 lb., 14s.; 12 lb., 32s.; 24 lb., 60s.; or about 2d. per meal. All Tins carriage free at home and in France. Also

DU BARRY'S TONIC REVALENTA BISCUITS ensure sleep and nervous energy to the most restless and enfeebled. In Tins, 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s. DU BARRY AND CO. (Limited), 77, Regent Street, London, W.; 14, Rue de Castiglione, Paris; 59, Rue du Rhône, Geneva; and of all Grocers and Chemists in every part of the world.

# LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE has been known for more than  
FIFTY YEARS  
ALL OVER THE WORLD.

ASK FOR  
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,

And observe that  
the Signature

*Lea & Perrins*

is now printed  
in Blue Ink diagonally  
across the OUTSIDE WRAPPER  
of every Bottle.

Avoid Cheap Imitations.

# WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.